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"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED."



AS TO THE "OPEN DOOR."

A GREAT deal is being said these days about the "open door." The door that really swings open the widest is that leading from President McKinley's Cabinet room to the street. Secretary Gage ought to avail himself of its openness.

And Mr. McKinley, if his Secretary is still in doubt, should forcibly lead him to the "open door" and close it, leaving Mr. Gage free of his Treasury job.

Careful reading of Mr. Gage's 75,000-word report in defending himself from The World's charges of favoritism and of violations of the law, and the clinching letter of A. B. Hepburn, should convince the President that the "open door" should be closed.

Mr. Gage must go!

TRUST DANGER APTLY POINTED.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, of Standard Oil fame, explained to the Industrial Commission at Washington that one danger in trusts is that "combinations may be formed for speculation in stocks rather than for conducting business, and that for this purpose prices may be temporarily raised instead of being lowered."

On the same day, under Standard Oil franchises, petroleum advanced three cents per gallon and the public was "squeezed" to the extent of \$29,100,000.

It appears that Mr. Rockefeller was quite right about that danger. He can swear to it of his own knowledge and belief.

TO RESCUE OF PURE ENGLISH.

WITH those young saleswomen, not so far from New York, who have formed an association for the suppression of slang, will rest the undivided sympathy of all advocates of English undiluted. They will need that sympathy, for they have undertaken a task at once delicate and herculean.

In the evolution of our curious tongue the line separating real language from slang has become almost as vague and mysterious as that of the borderland between waking fancies and slumber's dreams. We know what we speak, perhaps, but not what we may speak. What to-day is slang to-morrow is colloquialism and the next day accepted, every-day speech.

Before the ink on this type is dry it may be possible to observe, without subjecting the editorial fiction to heavy censure, that the efforts of the young saleswomen will cut little ice outside their own circle. Yet at the present moment the application of the ice-cutting figure is clearly classified as slang.

Nevertheless, the example of personal reform is to be commended. Extensive following would come near to working a miracle. In behalf of a long-suffering and patient mother tongue, we pray for that following.

A YOUNG MILLIONAIRE AT WORK.

THERE is common sense in Millionaire Potter Palmer's decision that his twin boys must go to work and learn the value of money. There is little hardship, however, in the lot of the first twin to take up his daily burden.

As a dollar-a-day messenger in his father's bank this young fellow is decidedly an edition de luxe of the American workman. His mother sends him roses and violets; his friends send him gently gazing notes. It must appear to him that the whole business is, for the moment at least, a diverting and edifying lark.

But it may be different yet. It is remembered that young Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt took up the hammer in his father's railroad shops and that useful invention has come out of his experience. Practical usefulness may follow young Mr. Palmer's sport. And the only thing to regret is the possibility that his plunge into messengering has barred from a dollar-a-day place some man who really needs the wage.

AN ASSEMBLY FOR HEALTH.

EVIDENCE accumulates that our Municipal Assembly exists principally for the health of its member. Not even the Commissioner of Public Buildings, Lighting and Supplies is so poor as to do that body reverence.

The Assembly says by ordinance that the Commissioner must restore New York's twisted street cars to their old positions. The Commissioner says he won't and the Corporation Counsel says he won't.

This is the end of the matter. But the end of what?—what of that?

AND WOMAN'S WISDOM.
—How is it if you are so successful in man's world?
—I simply feed him well and trust to him.

BEAUTY AND CHARACTER IN WOMAN'S NECK.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

DON'T think that the neck of a man or woman tells no tales. I have found that certain necks belong to certain types of women, and, given a well-defined type, I can in a general way come very near the disposition and character of the individual.

For example, take a woman who habitually carries her head as though her neck were stiff and she could not bend it forward. You may be certain an egotistical, ceremonious character goes with the neck. Usually you will find another sign of self-esteem in this woman's physical make-up. It is the long upper lip, which without the stiff neck signifies only great respect.

A thick, short neck is an indication of great physical strength, and also indicates strong material tastes. Generally speaking, long-necked women are of delicate constitution and liable to throat and lung diseases. For this reason they should take great precautions to avoid catching cold.

Short-necked people are usually robust of constitution, but because they indulge their appetites too freely when young are apt to be in great danger of apoplexy in later life.

The dirt's neck is often very beautiful, and is used with consummate effect. It is never very long and thin, nor is it short and stout, but rather between the two, and is soft and white, with a good deal of adipose tissue, as well as a strong muscular development. The woman with the dirt's neck will toss her head forward and sideways, revealing lines and delicacy of skin texture and a beauty of flesh tints that mortal man finds it hard to withstand.

The perfect neck, long or short, must be in proportion to the shoulders and body. A long neck with a large head and shoulders all out of harmony make a woman look like a caricature.

The delicate little lines that run around a woman's neck like a bracelet and are first seen at about five and thirty are not signs of age, but of ripe beauty. They are called the necklace of Venus, and are seen on the throats of all the great beauties as painted by Titian, Rubens and their contemporaries.

The claw-feet that appear under the chin usually do signify age, though I have seen them upon the throats of young women as the result of constantly wearing the high, stiff linen collar which has been so long fashionable.

According to the standard fixed by the Greeks, a perfect neck should be twice the length of the nose and rather thick in proportion to its length.

It should also be more slender at the upper part than at the base, rounded and springing well from the shoulders, devoid of any marked depressions of muscles or tendons.

The perfect neck supports the head in a vertical position without any sign of stiffness or of wobbling.

It is said that good business women, by which I distinctly mean women who make a commercial success—almost without exception have rather short necks.

Great financiers and many great political leaders have this type of neck.

The stubborn neck is set almost upon the shoulders, but the head above it is apt to be round, and though women who are so constructed make good executives, they are too arbitrary to be generally successful.

With daily care a woman's neck may retain its beautiful contour for years—far into the sixties.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Two Parisian Creations of the Reigning Season

On the left a stylish street gown, trimmed with Marten and Passementerie.

On the right a Princess gown of cloth and sable.

Dark green velvet and old rose cloth, with green silk paillettes.

Brown cloth, with double coat effect by simulating bands of sable fur.

GREEN SALADS HELPFUL; WE EAT FAR TOO FEW.

As a nation we eat too few green salads. They are much better for the family table than pastries and heavy sweets, and, if a choice must be made, leave out the dessert course and substitute the green salads with French dressing.

Pure olive oil is a valuable nutrient to anaemic and nervous women, and they can get it in the salad course in the easiest way. Cultivate in the children too a taste for the oil and the wholesome green. Nearly all meats, fish, vegetables, fruits and nuts may be combined in salad form. Fruits should be clean, fresh and cold, greens crisp and dry.

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Every woman on earth had her way about it she would be beautiful of face.

She would choose beauty in preference to any other gift the gods could give her.

From her earliest infancy she is taught to note the fact that beauty brings admiration and favor. And as she grows older, she is taught that her beauty will win her a wealthy husband—bring her luxury and ease and adoration—all that women sigh for in their summing up of perfect happiness.

But, my dears, beauty is a most treacherous possession to bank upon.

Do not rely upon it wholly, for it is almost as short-lived as the passing hour.

Illness or a heavy sorrow may rob you of every vestige of it within a single fortnight. And if you have no other quality to fall back upon you are poor indeed.

The husband who marries you for your beauty alone is liable to flee from you when that beauty wanes its flight—and praises of it are no longer upon the lips of those about you.

Beauty alone has never won for any woman the unflinching love of a noble man.

The beauty is, nine cases out of ten, a lady girl. She would rather see the dust an inch deep in the room than stand the chance of ruining her complexion by raising the dust by a vigorous use of the broom.

She would rather pin her clothes together on her than spill her dirty hands with a needle. She would go without cooking—if it obliged her to stand over a hot stove to prepare the food.

She is always conscious of her good looks, and is ever on the lookout for praise from all with whom she comes in contact, forgetting that undue praise is the poison of women's souls.

Vanity and egotism are usually the beauty's principal characteristics.

It is very rarely that you see a beautiful woman one of the world's useful workers.

They are not like the fruits of the earth that give their treasure up for the benefit of mankind, but like the flowers of the earth, whose only mission is to riot in the sunshine and be admired.

If the chill blasts of adversity overtake them, like the flower, they wither and perish.

The lesson for mothers to teach their daughters is that beauty of face is the very last on the list of a young girl's attractions.

Usefulness, thrift and industry are a hundredfold more commendable.

The prudent young girl who knows the full worth of a dollar—what it will buy and how far it will go—is worth far more to a husband than the most brilliant beauty that ever frittered away her time in a ball-room.

A sensible girl who can cook a square meal (should occasion demand it) is worth all the pink-and-white beauties he has ever thought he admired. And the dear, plain little woman who can sympathize with him in his sorrows, counsel and console him when he is most in need of it, grows in time so beautiful in his eyes that he wonders that he was ever so blind as to see beauty in any other form or features.

Do not depend upon your pretty face, my dears, to win you all the joys this life can give. Learn to be useful and practical as well.

It has been said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." But these words do not apply to womanhood whose beauty fades, and it is as carefully as they may.

The girl who expects her face to be her fortune has much need of pity.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

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